

The Daily Movie Magazine

HELEN JEROME EDDY IN A DOMESTIC MOMENT



No, this is not a glimpse into this charming star's own home, but a scene from her latest picture, "When Love Comes," in which a couple of coming screen stars play subordinate, and rebellious roles.

THE MOVIE FAN'S LETTERBOX

By HENRY M. NEELY

"David" writes: "Early in January the vicissitudes of business took me to Richmond, Va. Lured by garish posters and a long-standing admiration for Dick Barthelmess, I sat me down and saw 'Tollable David.' I got in early and saw it twice.

"Shortly after 'The Bond Boy' came to Philly I read in your nightly battle of wits and others a comment of yours which, if I remember correctly, compared that picture to his earlier effort, and the comparison was highly favorable.

"See I, if it's half as good, it sure is worth an evening. So I wound up the animated tin can and thumped merrily to a distant shrine of Theophrastus Silenti with a mental licking of chops.

"I trust I read your column wrong, because, if I didn't, one of us is due for the alienist. The picture was there, but the inspiration was far, far away. Even Dick's hand couldn't bring that insipid, ordinary, toothy 'out of the hokum class.

"When he was in prison, with the scaffold in the offing, did you think for a minute that he'd get the hemp necktie?

"You did not.

"In 'Tollable David' were you sure he'd polish off the three gorillas in the shack? You were not. And what's more, I'll bet you clenched your fists, and ducked, and reached for the gun and fired.

"The 'Bond Boy' had one claim to fame—a brooding mother who suffered as mothers do suffer. She didn't bleed the pipes or ritually raise her walls to heaven. Also the book agent looked like one.

"But when it comes to comparisons it is my humble opinion that you watched one and lived the other."

(You read me wrong, I think. I did not think "The Bond Boy" compared

favorably with "Tollable David." It was more or less ten, twenty, thirty hokum—but it was hokum mighty well done.)

"Jersey Fan" from Riverside writes: "Who was the gentleman 'T' who played the part of the German officer in 'The Unpardonable Sin.' Being a Belairite myself, I hate to decide against a reader who lives just across the Rottentail for Rheumatism! Names, but I must. Wallace Boery was that German officer.

"Panthea," Mary Pickford's "Less Than the Dust," Douglas Fairbanks' "In Agony," "Out Again," "For France," "The Unbeliever," "Hearts of the World," "Heart of Humanity," and maybe one or two others I've forgotten.)

J. S. H. writes: "I must confess I have been enjoying the bits of news you have been having in the column the last few days a lot more than lots of the letters. However, the thing is many, and I was delighted to hear that Richard Barthelmess was going to play in 'The Bright Shawl.' I can't imagine any one else who would bring a more perfect understanding to the part of the sensitive boy in the story. I immediately completed the cast in my mind—it's a great game. How about Lillian Lee as the little Cuban girl? How about Pola Negri as the Spanish dancer in 'The Bright Shawl'? Can't you just see her? How she would enjoy that

some where she chokes the Spanish officer to death!

"And last of all, Nita Naldi as the Spanish spy. Some cast, like Dick as a movie hero.

"To go back a little, I finally did see the 'Loves of Pharaoh.' I went out Monday, taking no chances this time. I suppose by this time you have heard all the opinions you want on the subject, judging by the column. But I felt as if I really must write and tell you that I had seen it. I notice that every one else has been shying off telling exactly how they felt about it, and I think I feel somewhat that way myself.

"I enjoyed it very much, and yet I do not think it has left any very definite impression on me, except for Emil Jennings. Who else could make Pharaoh such a real sort of a person, so entirely human? And when he totters up to the throne and makes that last effort to be a king, he is wonderful. Poor little words can't begin to describe the impression he makes on me.

"I felt the same way in that picture, 'All for a Woman,' when he played Danton. The dignity, passion and reserve that he makes you feel through the medium of a motion picture are unusual, to say the least. It was hard not to compare him with Monte Blue in the same role. The Griffith-directed feelings of Monte Blue scarcely convince me at all. Monte Blue perhaps as the Virginian or some one of that type would be perfect, but as Danton, no! At least not while Emil Jennings is there to do the same thing.

"But oh, Henry, I don't agree with you at all about Griffith. I thought 'Orphans of the Storm' a most delightful, eye-filling spectacle, and enjoyed it thoroughly. And I and John Barrymore quite agree that Lillian Gish is one of the supreme actresses of the time. She can make me cry and that's more than most of them can do."

(That's all right, J. S. H. You don't have to agree with me on Griffith or Miss Gish or anything else. And you'll notice your opinions get just as much space in this column as mine do.)

Happy Lie sends a recent answer of mine about "Earl" on S. and writes: "Touché! Here I am, sure you are a woman in spite of your protests or printed stuff to the contrary. No, mere man is capable of such a delicious thrust as this. And you know that that, 'No mere man!' Oh, by golly, you do rile me, Happy."

Anthony and Cleopatra writes: "Notwithstanding that you found our last letter too hard to manage, here we are again! We are not a bit discouraged. The better half of us likes Allan Forrest very much and would appreciate your opinion of this delightful picture. I am sure you will find it a most interesting one. I would tell you all you know about Mr. Forrest? Why do you not give him more credit? He is a real actor. He always plays with either Viola Dana or Shirley Mason, and half of us thinks he deserves something better. What a beautiful profile he has!

"We saw 'On the High Seas,' but we thought it was the 'same old stuff.' While we admire Jack Holt and Dorothy Gish, we don't think they appear in the same old thing.

"Recently we have seen Rosemary Theby in a number of pictures and some her work seems remarkably good. What exactly do you think of Miss Theby?

"We are also very much puzzled as to what you are. We don't know whether you are man or woman, but we picture you as a stout, bald-headed man with a jolly face bubbling over with humor. How near do we come? Don't be bashful about telling us come? Don't you think it is as delightful as ever, though the absence of some of the old standbys we regret. Who has happened to Chiquito? We enjoyed his or her letters very much; they were much the best."

(The old standbys come and go and come again. We hear from them every now and then.

"It isn't difficult to guess which half of you is right. Allan Forrest has a beautiful profile. I think so much of Allan Forrest that I don't even remember his name. Probably that's because he has played mostly with Mary Miles Minter, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason. I confess I pass them by whenever I can—but they are not important enough to occupy the time of a busy reviewer. My records say Forrest is six feet tall, weighs 190 pounds, has dark hair and eyes and lives at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. As to why they don't give him more important parts, I can only say that an actor gets the kind of roles that his popularity entitles him to. I'm rather strong for Rosemary Theby and yet she seems to lack an individual something that keeps her from being entirely fading.

As to me, you are fairly correct except that my face has ceased to be jolly or to bubble.

THE HOUSE OF MOHUN

By GEORGE GIBBS
Author of "Youth Triumphant" and Other Successes
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Striking Romance of Rise and Fall of an American Family and Its Comeback

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

CHERRY MOHUN, a typical girl of the present, bright, energetic and wholly independent in her bearing and opinions, whose heart, she has long been guided by the intuition that follows her beauty and projects the future. She is irritated yet somehow fascinated by

DAVID SANROCK, a young American ethnologist, who has followed her service in the Orient by an expedition in line with his scientific bent. He is a scholarly, intellectual, but he is unversed and unaccustomed to the native customs and customs on his return to his native land, where he meets a girl who is as beautiful as Cherry is irresistibly interesting to him. He is a man of high social position, but has modest tastes, invested with

JIM MOHUN, Cherry's father, a silent, forceful, and a long-standing business man, who has a keen eye for a good deal of the business in business, who is left to the strict care of

MRS. MOHUN, still a handsome and attractive woman in middle years with some of the loveliness of youth and a good deal of the sense of the younger generation. She has pulled up her family to high social position.

BOB MOHUN, the son, one of the haphazard, careless lads of the day.

GEORGE LYETT, an elderly friend of Sanrock and the Mohuns, who observes and comments on the younger generation.

Cherry's Conscience

FOR the first time her conscience assailed her. No doubt his was a valuable life to somebody, and she was sure that she didn't want the responsibility of assuming for what now seemed to her the murder of a man. If she had doubted his, stories or his pluck she was sure now that she had made a mistake in judgment. The only impression on her, except for Emil Jennings, who else could make Pharaoh such a real sort of a person, so entirely human? And when he totters up to the throne and makes that last effort to be a king, he is wonderful. Poor little words can't begin to describe the impression he makes on me.

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CHAPTER IV

"But, my dear," asked Alicia Mohun of her daughter, "how on earth could you have permitted him to ride, knowing that his arm was broken?"

"I didn't know it," muttered Cherry solemnly. "He insisted on going."

"That was extremely foolish. The man must be mad."

"Oh, don't blame him. It wasn't his fault. Cherry broke off impetuously and walked to the door of the adjoining room where she stood listening.

"I suppose it hurts awfully. And then, 'I'm a fearful, little beast, Muzzy.'"

"Why, my dear?"

"Oh, I thought he was just a quitter. I wanted to show him up. I laughed at him."

"Cherry!"

"Yes, I did. He annoyed me. But I didn't know his arm was broken. I swear I didn't."

"Really, my dear, I can see why you should have taken such a prejudice against this—"

"Oh, let up, Muzzy, will you? I feel bad enough as it is. Do you think I'll be long? I wish it had been my arm now. I really do."

"Your pretty arm! God forbid! Four seasons would have been ruined."

The door of the adjoining room opened and Mr. Mohun entered.

"How is he getting on, Dad?" asked Cherry quickly.

"Oh, he's coming around all right. They've set the bone and put the arm in plaster. Lyett is going to take him home."

"Hain't he better stay here? Isn't it the least we can do?"

"He insists on going."

"Oh," said Cherry with a grin. "If he insists on going, he'll go—all right. That man! Don't tell me that I know anything about human nature any more. Who would have thought he'd turn the tables on me like that?"

"He's a drunken sailor—clear daylight on him all the time—but he says something about it instead of getting on again? Say, Dad, that man rides like a drunken sailor—clear daylight on me to it—on Centipede too—something Bob never did. My hat's off to this ethnologist bunch. If there are any more like him, Dad, they'll keep 'em away from here, will you?"

Mohun laughed while his wife gently chided.

"Cherry found her cigarette case and in a fit of abstraction lighted one, gazing out of the window.

"How was I to know his arm was broken?" she asked rapidly of no one in particular. "Why didn't he say something about it instead of getting on again? Say, Dad, that man rides like a drunken sailor—clear daylight on me to it—on Centipede too—something Bob never did. My hat's off to this ethnologist bunch. If there are any more like him, Dad, they'll keep 'em away from here, will you?"

Mohun laughed while his wife gently chided.

"Please—not so slangy, Cherry dear. And now that you've better go and change for dinner?"

Cherry sighed, flicked her cigarette, scarcely lighted, into the fire and went silently out.

Jim Mohun paced the floor heavily for a moment. "Doesn't it seem to you, my dear Alicia," he muttered, "that Cherry is going in a bit strong?"

"His wife halted at the door. "Exactly what do you mean? Surely it's not her fault if Dr. Sanrock chooses to risk his neck for a whim of hers."

"No. That's his affair. I mean Cherry herself. I don't see much of the child of late—and that's my fault, I suppose. But don't you think—er—that she ought to be scolding down for a bit? She's not a bit any longer. If she ever goes to town again, isn't it about time she got more serious? A little more dignity?"

"Oh, Jim, don't blame me. She's got to be like other girls—"

"But has she?"

Mrs. Mohun came slowly back into the room her large eyes softly reproachful.

"Why, Jim? I'm surprised at you. You've always thought Cherry perfect. She has her faults of course. But then they're only very human ones. You know, as well as I do, that she's just full of animal spirit."

"That's why she's so popular. Why, there isn't a girl in all Cherry's set that has half the attention that she has."

Jim Mohun dropped into a chair with a sigh.

"Oh, of course, I suppose so. That's what matters most when a girl is looking for a husband. But sometimes I find myself wondering whether she haven't given her too free a hand. She does exactly as she pleases—"

"But if what she pleases is perfectly all right, I don't see what difference it makes," she turned toward the door again. "Please don't bother me, Jim. I don't like your attitude, or the manner in which you express it. I don't think it's quite fair to me. And so long as I am satisfied—"

"She shrugged her pretty shoulders at the door. "Oh, all right, my dear," muttered the husband. "All right. I've never doubted your wisdom. It's only Cherry—"

"I think it would be better if the social destinies of this family were left in my hands," she finished and went out of the room.

It was Alicia Mohun's way of rounding out a discussion with her husband. She never raised her voice, never lost her self-control and, when her actions or her methods were questioned, she always went out at the door.

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Here was the last word and it was usually final. But after she went out Jim Mohun sat for a while looking into the fire, a frown at his brows, a question in his eyes. It had come to him suddenly that Cherry was almost a stranger to him. Until today, he remembered with a twinge of regret, that he had hardly seen her for almost a month. Of course she was all right. How could he question her? And yet some of the tales that had come to him about the extravagances of the younger crowd had made him thoughtful. Bob, the young rascal, what he was doing with all the money he got business not keeping in closer touch with the kids. If only he could get more away from business. He had been liked to stay at home tonight. It weren't for a conference. The fact at his brows deepened and he rose when a call from the adjoining room told him that he had come to him about to be removed.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

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